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Acoustic Sessions

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The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone)

I was chasing down the days of fear
Chasing down a dream before it disappeared
I was aching to be somewhere near,
Your voice was all I heard
I was shaking from a storm in me,
Haunted by the spectres that we had to see
Yeah I wanted to be the melody,
Above the noise, above the hurt.

I was young
Not dumb
Just wishing to be blinded
By you
Brand new
And we were pilgrims on our way

I woke up at the moment when the miracle occurred
Heard a song that made some sense out of the world
Everything I ever lost, now has been returned
In the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard.

We got language so we can't communicate
Religion so I can love and hate
Music so I can exaggerate my pain, and give it a name

I was young
Not dumb
Just wishing to be blinded
By you
Brand new
And we were pilgrims on our way

I woke up at the moment when the miracle occurred
Heard a song that made some sense out of the world
Everything I ever lost, now has been returned
In the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard.

We can hear you
We can hear you
We can hear you

I woke up at the moment when the miracle occurred
I get so many things I don't deserve
All the stolen voices will someday be returned
The most beautiful sound I'd ever heard

Your voices will be heard
Your voices will be heard

Every Breaking Wave

Every breaking wave on the shore
Tells the next one there'll be one more
And every gambler knows that to lose
Is what you're really there for
Summer I was fearless
Now I speak into an answer phone
Like every falling leaf on the breeze
Winter wouldn't leave it alone
Alone

If you go?
If you go your way and I go mine
Are we so?
Are we so helpless against the tide?
Baby every dog on the street
Knows that we're in love with defeat
Are we ready to be swept off our feet
And stop chasing
Every breaking wave

Every sailor knows that the sea
Is a friend made enemy
And every shipwrecked soul, knows what it is
To live without intimacy
I thought I heard the captain's voice
It's hard to listen while you preach
Like every broken wave on the shore
This is as far as I could reach

If you go?
If you go your way and I go mine
Are we so?
Are we so helpless against the tide?
Baby every dog on the street
Knows that we're in love with defeat
Are we ready to be swept off our feet
And stop chasing
Every breaking wave?

The sea knows where are the rocks
And drowning is no sin
You know where my heart is
The same place that yours has been
We know that we fear to win
And so we end before we begin
Before we begin

If you go?
If you go your way and I go mine
Are we so?
Are we so helpless against the tide?
Baby every dog on the street
Knows that we're in love with defeat
Are we ready to be swept off our feet
And stop chasing
Every breaking wave

California (There Is No End To Love)

Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara

California, then we fell into the shining sea
The weight that drags your heart down
Well that's what took me where I need to be
Which is here
Out on Zuma
Watching you cry like a baby
California, at the dawn you thought would never come
But it did
Like it always does

All I know
And all I need to know is there is no end to love

I didn't call you
Words can scare a thought away
Everyone's a star in our town
It's just your light gets dimmer if you have to stay
In your bedroom
In a mirror
Watching yourself cry like a baby
California, blood orange sunset brings you to your knees
I've seen for myself
There's no end to grief
That's how I know
That's how I know
And why I need to know that there is no end to love
All I know and all I need to know is there is no end to love

(Guitar solo)

All I know
And all I need to know is there is no end to love
We come and go
Stolen days you don't give back
Stolen days are just enough

Song For Someone

You got a face not spoiled by beauty
I have some scars from where I've been
You've got eyes that can see right through me
You're not afraid of anything they've seen
I was told that I would feel nothing the first time
I don't know how these cuts heal
But in you I found a rhyme

If there is a light you can't always see
And there is a world we can't always be
If there is a dark that we shouldn't doubt
And there is a light, don't let it go out

And this is a song, song for someone
This is a song, song for someone

You let me in to a conversation
A conversation only we could make
You break and enter my imagination
Whatever's in there it's yours to take
I was told I'd feel nothing the first time
You were slow to heal but this could be the night

If there is a light you can't always see
And there is a world we can't always be
If there is a dark within and without
And there is a light, don't let it go out

And this is a song, song for someone
This is a song, a song for someone

And I'm a long long way from your Hill of Calvary
And I'm a long way from where I was and where I need to be
If there is a light you can't always see
And there is a world we can't always be
If there is a kiss I stole from your mouth
And there is a light, don't let it go out

Iris (Hold Me Close)

The star,
that gives us light
Has been gone a while
But it's not an illusion
The ache
In my heart
Is so much a part of who I am
Something in your eyes
Took a thousand years to get here
Something in your eyes
Took a thousand years, a thousand years

Hold me close, hold me close and don't let me go.
Hold me close like I'm someone that you might know
Hold me close the darkness just lets us see
Who we are
I've got your life inside of me

Iris… Iris…

Once we are born, we begin to forget
The very reason we came
But you
I'm sure I've met
Long before the night the stars went out
We're meeting up again

Hold me close, hold me close and don't let me go.
Hold me close like I'm someone that you might know
Hold me close, the darkness just lets us see
Who we are
I've got your life inside of me

Iris… Iris…

The stars are bright but do they know
The universe is beautiful but cold

You took me by the hand
I thought that I was leading you
But it was you made me your man
Machine
I dream
Where you are
Iris standing in the hall
She tells me I can do it all
Iris wakes to my nightmares
Don't fear the world it isn't there

Iris playing on the strand
She buries the boy beneath the sand,
Iris says that I will be the death of her
It was not me

Iris… Iris…

Free yourself, to be yourself if only you could see yourself
Free yourself, to be yourself if only you could see…

Volcano

The world is spinning fast tonight
You can hurt yourself tryin to hold on
To what you used to be
I'm so glad the past is all gone?
Been out in the wild
Been out in the night
Been out of your mind
Do you live here or is this a vacation?

Volcano, you don't wanna, you don't wanna know.
Volcano
Something in you wants to blow
Volcano
You don't wanna, you don't wanna know

Your eyes were like landing lights
They used to be the clearest blue
Now you don't see so well
The future's gonna land on you

Been out in the wild
Been out in the night
Been out of your mind
Do you live here or is this a vacation?

Volcano, you don't wanna, you don't wanna know.
Volcano
Something in you wants to blow
Volcano
You don't wanna, you don't wanna know
You're on a piece of ground above a volcano

You were alone,
Now you're not alone
You were alone
But now
YOU ARE ROCK N ROLL
YOU AND I ARE ROCK N ROLL
YOU ARE ROCK N ROLL
YOU AND I ARE ROCK N ROLL

Volcano, you don't wanna, you don't wanna know.
Volcano
Something in you wants to blow
Volcano
You don't wanna, you don't wanna know
You're on a piece of ground above a volcano

Raised By Wolves

Face down on a broken street
There’s a man in the corner in a pool of misery.
I’m in a white van as a red sea covers the ground
Metal crash I can’t tell what it is
But I take a look and now I’m sorry I did.
5:30 on a Friday night 33 good people cut down

I don’t believe anymore
I don’t believe anymore

Face down on a pillow of shame
There are some girls with a needle tryin to spell my name
My body’s not a canvas
My body’s now a toilet wall.

I don’t believe anymore
I don’t believe anymore

Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
Raised by wolves
We were raised by wolves
Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
If I open my eyes,
You disappear

Boy sees his father crushed under the weight
Of a cross in a passion where the passion is hate.
Blue mink Ford, I’m gonna detonate and you’re dead
Blood in the house,
Blood on the street
The worst things in the world are justified by belief
Registration 1385-WZ

I don’t believe anymore
I don’t believe anymore

Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
Raised by wolves
We were raised by wolves
Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
If I open my eyes,
You disappear

Cedarwood Road

For Guggi

I was running down the road
The fear was all I knew
I was looking for a soul that's real
Then I ran into you
And that cherry blossom tree
Was a gateway to the sun
And friendship once it's won
It's won... it's one

Northside just across the river to the Southside
That's a long way here
All the green and all the gold
The hurt you hide, the joy you hold
The foolish pride that gets you out the door
Up on Cedarwood Road, on Cedarwood Road
Sleepwalking down the road
Not waking from these dreams
'Cause it's never dead it's still my head
It was a warzone in my teens
I'm still standing on that street
Still need an enemy
The worst ones I can't see
You can... you can

Northside just across the river from the Southside
That's a long way here
All the green and all the gold
The hurt you hide and the joy you hold
The foolish pride that sends you back for more
Up on Cedarwood Road, on Cedarwood Road

If the door is open it isn't theft
You can't return to where you've never left
Blossoms falling from a tree they cover you and cover me
Symbols clashing, bibles smashing
Paint the world you need to see
Sometimes fear is the only place we can call home
Cedarwood Road

A HEART THAT IS BROKEN
IS A HEART THAT IS OPEN

Sleep Like A Baby Tonight

Morning, your toast, your tea and sugar,
Read about the politician's lover
Go through the day like knife through butter
Why don't you
You dress in the colours of forgiveness
Your eyes as red as Christmas
Purple robes are folded on the kitchen chair

You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
In your dreams, everything is alright
Tomorrow dawns like someone else's suicide
You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight

Dreams,
It's a dirty business, dreaming
Where there is silence and not screaming
Where there's no daylight, there's no healing

You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
In your dreams, everything is alright
Tomorrow dawns like a suicide
But you're gonna sleep like a baby tonight

Hope is where the door is
When the church is where the war is
Where no one can feel no one else's pain

You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
In your dreams, everything is alright
Tomorrow dawns like a suicide
But you're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
Sleep like a baby tonight
Like a bird, your dreams take flight
Like St Francis covered in light
You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight

This Is Where You Can Reach Me Now

For Joe Strummer

Soldier soldier
We signed our lives away
Complete surrender
The only weapon we know
Soldier soldier
We knew the world would never be the same
Soldier this is where you can reach me now

We come from an ancient place
Beyond what we can see
We've come to colonise your night
And steal your poetry

Old man knows that I never listen
So how could I have something to say
Old man knows how to cheat ambition
You don't lose if you don't play

1, 2, 3, 4, was enough

Soldier soldier
We signed our lives away
Complete surrender
The only weapon we know
Soldier soldier
We knew the world would never be the same
Soldier this is where you can reach me now

On a double decker bus
Into College Square
If you won't let us in your world
Your world just isn't there

Old man says that we never listen
We shout about what we don't know
We're taking the path of most resistance
The only way for us to go,

hup, 2, 3, 4, was enough

Soldier soldier
We signed our lives away
Complete surrender
The only weapon we know
Soldier soldier
We knew the world will never be the same
Soldier this is where you can reach me now

This is the site
This is the season
This is where you can reach me now
This is the time
This is the number
This is where you can reach me now

The Troubles

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till someone else was in control

You think it’s easier
To put your finger on the trouble
When the trouble is you
And you think it’s easier
To know your own tricks
Well it’s the hardest thing you’ll ever do

I have a will for survival
So you can hurt me and then hurt me some more
I can live with denial
But you’re not my troubles anymore

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till someone else was in control

You think it’s easier
To give up on the trouble
If the trouble is destroying you
You think it’s easier
But before you threw me a rope
It was the one thing I could hold on to

I have a will for survival
So you can hurt me then hurt me some more
I can live with denial
But you’re not my troubles anymore

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

God knows it’s not easy
Taking on the shape of someone else’s pain
God now you can see me
I’m naked and I’m not afraid
My body’s sacred and I’m not ashamed

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till someone else was in control

Lucifer’s Hands

Punk rock party in a suburban home
Everybody’s famous here but nobody’s known
We got no music cos the speaker’s blown apart

The spirit’s moving through a seaside town
I’m born again to the latest sound
New wave airwaves swilling around my heart

You no longer got a hold on me,
I’m out of Lucifer’s hands
You no longer got a hold on me,
You’re no longer in control of me,
I am.

The NME is spitting from an inky page
St John Divine is gonna take the stage
At the talent show where your talent is your rage
I’m in.

Prayers of fire on a raindog night
Young men see visions beyond sound or sight
The Velvets beginning to see the light
Amen.

You no longer got a hold on me,
I’m out of Lucifer’s hands
You no longer got a hold on me,
You’re no longer in control of me,
I am.

Yes I can change the world
Yes I can change the world

The poor breaking bread that’s made out of stone
The rich man won’t eat, he’s eating, alone
That’s easy
But I can’t change the world
In me.

You no longer got a hold on me,
I’m out of Lucifer’s hands
You no longer got a hold on me,
You’re no longer in control of me,
I am

The Crystal Ballroom

Life begins with the first glance
The first kiss at the first dance
All of us are wondering why we're here
In the crystal ballroom underneath the chandelier

Wet the glass till the glasses sing
We punish our hearts till the heart bells ring
Cos where we come from we're not always kind
The human story is what love leaves behind

We're the ghosts of love and we haunt this place
We're the ghosts of love in every face
In the ballroom of the crystal lights
Everyone's here with me tonight
Everyone but you

Our first chance, is their last dance
Our life is shaped by another's hands
Buttoning unbuttoning her Coco dress
Stopping and unstopping every cold caress

Born for bliss, born for this
Every human life begins with a kiss
Kissed by every kind of possibility
And everyone is here tonight with me

We're the ghosts of love and we haunt this place
We're the ghosts of love in every face
In the ballroom of the crystal lights
Everyone's here with me tonight

Everyone but you
Everyone but you

The Troubles (Alternative Version)

You think it’s easier
To get your fingers out of trouble
When the trouble is you
You think it’s easier
To keep your hands out of trouble
When the trouble is you

I have a will for survival
So you can hurt me, then hurt me some more
I can live with denial
But you’re not my troubles anymore

Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody throw a line to me,
Somebody tell me what to say
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody throw a line to me,
Somebody tell me what to say

You think it’s easier
To give up on the trouble
If the trouble is destroying you
You think it’s easier
To know your own tricks
Well it’s the hardest thing you’ll ever do

I have the will for survival
So you can hurt me then hurt me some more
I can live with denial
But you’re not my troubles anymore

Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody throw a line to me,
Somebody tell me what to say
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody throw a line to me,
Somebody tell me what to say

I stepped outside like I had never seen the night before
Looking at the stars that never looked so bright before
This crooked heart it never felt so light before
A brand new man, I’m a brand new man

Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody throw a line to me,
Somebody tell me what to say
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody stop the world I’m on
Somebody throw a line to me,
Somebody tell me what to say

Sleep Like A Baby Tonight (Alternative Perspective Mix By Tchad Blake)

Wake,
In the morning when you wake up,
You won’t have much but you’ll have enough
When you are weakest I’ll be strong enough for you,
Dreams, the ones where you are fearless
Can’t break what’s broken, you are tearless
Steal back your innocence
That’s what they stole from you

You’re gonna sleep like a baby tonight
Not everything can be so black and white
There are demons in the broad daylight
But you can sleep like a baby tonight

Stop, stop.
Where you stand right now, just stop.
Don’t think or look down at the drop
The people staring from the street don’t know what you’ve got

You’re gonna sleep like a baby tonight
No, not everything can be so black and white
There are demons in the broad daylight
But you can sleep like a baby tonight

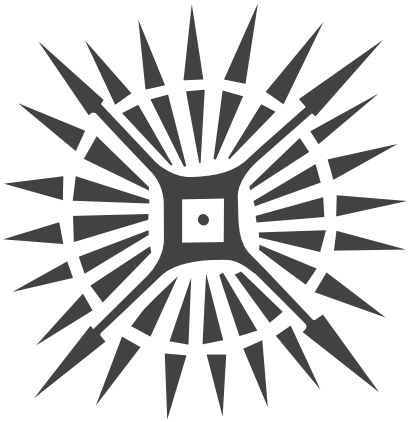
Hope is where the door is
When home is where the war is
Where nobody can feel no one else’s pain

You’re gonna sleep like a baby tonight
Not everything can be so black and white
There are demons in the broad daylight
You’ve got to sleep like a baby tonight
Sleep like a baby tonight
Take care of your heart until it is light
Where you stand, where you fall is where I kneel
To take your heart back to where you can feel
Like a child, a child.

FLASHBACKS 4 SONGS OF INNOCENCE

at some point in 1977 u2 started making music together, calling ourselves THE HYPE and we were in love with the punk rock scene..I remember at one of our earliest shows, someone shouted "more punk in the Monkees". They were right… I couldn't sing with any of the jagged edges of the great rock or punk rock singers. I sang like a girl....that felt uncomfortable until the Ramones happened to me as they must happen to everyone. cos Joey Ramone sang like a girl, he loved all the great sirens… you could hear Motown, Dusty Springfield, Ronnie Spector. You could hear an echo of your pain in his voice.. that's why you believed him, surfing to the future on a sea of noise. The 4 members of U2 went to see the Ramones playing in the state cinema in Dublin without thinking about how we were going to get in. we had no tickets and no money.. My best friend Guggi had a ticket and he snuck us through a side exit he pried open. The world stopped long enough for us to get on it. Even though we only saw half the show, it became one of the great nights of our life.... Edge remembers meeting his first love Aislinn outside. After the Ramones, I could try and be myself as a singer. I just needed to find out who that was.. emancipation. First journeys are exhilarating… geographically, spiritually, sexually…The first time you see an orchid or a freeway or a rock n roll band in full flight, it stays tattooed under your skin. Forever. For U2 - going to Los Angeles was like that. LA seemed like the polar opposite of Dublin. we love being somewhere between extremes. I remember Edge, Adam, Larry and me getting off a plane in California and looking at each other like 'this is better than the movies' and that was just the airport! i went on a pilgrimage to find Bob Dylan's house because i gripped his songs tighter than the handle of any suitcase. I also wanted to see Brian Wilson's house, it was supposed to have a sand pit with a piano in it… and I loved the Beach Boys. they brought - rhythm for the body - melody for the mind - harmony for the spirit etc Brian sang like a girl too… More first journeys…sex… note to song writing self: when dealing with this subject – must. try. harder....seeing The Clash for the first time on their first tour in Trinity College Dublin was a coordinates changing experience for me, Edge, Adam and Larry. We went home that night exhausted from the riot of noise and ideas. we couldn't sleep because we knew we were sleeping in the wrong beds. we had migrated - mentally, spiritually.... Joe Strummer was some soldier..his guitar a weapon, his mouth almighty. we weren't sure exactly what they were fighting for/against but this was a public service announcement with guitars on behalf of the soul and we signed up. I grew up on Cedarwood Road. a nice street full of nice families. People who shaped my world view. People I still admire and love. Like Gavin Friday, who lived up at the top of the road. But there was a lot of violence near by in my teenage years..skinheads and boot boys, blades and knuckledusters. Teenage parties where boys would turn up with hammers and saws…and i remember a lot of "hidings" - I remember taking them and I remember giving them. none of that compared to the violence behind front doors. of a husband towards a wife, a brute father towards his children. Cedarwood Road had some dark and hidden sides like all places. like all people.

The Rowens at No. 5 had a cherry blossom tree that was the most luxurious thing in the world to me. That family were like an old testament tribe. I learnt a lot from them. The depth and deep discourse of the scriptures. In their company I saw some great preachers who opened up these scary black bibles and made the word of God dance for them, and us. Sometimes I would think it should be the other way round.one minute you're reading it, next minute you're in it. Lou Reed, God rest his soul, said you need a busload of faith to get by. That bus was full of Rowens and I was on it. There were fields out of the back of our garden and we played there until the scaffolds went up and suburbia stretched out. a mile away we would play in the foundations of the seven towers as they went up. when the towers started filling up with people who didn't want to be there, all piled up on top of each other, we stopped running in the fields unless we were being chased… haha. Dreams are not always safe places, neither are places deemed to be safe. Some can live with cruelty and abuse. Some have to… when the children of any church aren't served but instead enslaved by an abuse of power, extraordinary acts of atonement are required to put things back together… honesty is just the starting point ...secrets can make you sick.Ireland in the 70s was a tough place. On any other friday at 5.30pm in 1974 I would have been on Talbot Street in a record shop . On May 17th I rode my bike to school that day and dodged one of the bloodiest moments in a history that divided an island…3 car bombs coordinated to detonate at the same time destroyed Dublin's city centre…my old friend Andy Rowen (Guc Pants Delaney we used to call him) was locked in his father's van as his dad ran to help save the victims Scattered like refuse across the streets… The scene never left him, he turned to one of the worlds great painkillers to deal with it, we wrote about him in our song, BAD. Andy says "heroin is a great pain killer until it kills you" he survived. a hero to me. My mother died that year so did my grandad… As her father was being put into the ground Iris collapsed by the side of the grave and a few days later followed him into the clay ....beautiful Iris, humour as black as her curls.. practical and magical .On death ....we tend to look the other way until the spectre's face enters our frame ....a staring match that death always wins and we're left broken by the loss of someone really close to us. I owe Iris. Her absence, I filled with music. after grief comes rage....the molten lava that turns to rock if it can.....this kind of fire in the belly cannot sustain. If you're lucky, it burns out. Before it burns you out… age 14 I met Ali but I knew her long before that. She agreed for me to take her out on a date in the same month I joined U2. The north coast of Dublin has dunes that are as unknowable as any great beauty and is home to seaside towns that are even more beautiful in the winter…when a young man might bring his girl to (re)visit the scene of his summer crimes…There've been times when it would have been sensible for either of us to go our own way but we have not and we are not (sensible)… when it comes to song-writing, not sensible is almost as good as a broken heart and far more romantic than a full one. We can spend our whole lives searching for cohesion, and in not finding it, turn the world into the shape of our disappointment. Or not. there is no end to grief… that's how I know there is no end to love.



The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone)
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse, Paul Epworth and Ryan Tedder
Engineered by Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Additional engineering by Declan Gaffney
and Kennie Takahashi
Assisted by Todd Monfalcone and "Classy" Joe Visciano
Mixed by Matt Wiggins and Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Programming by Paul Epworth and Ryan Tedder
Keyboards by Bono, Brian Burton, The Edge, Paul Epworth
and Ryan Tedder
Additional percussion by Paul Epworth
Additional guitar by Bono
Acoustic guitar by Ryan Tedder and Declan Gaffney
Choir: Greg Clark, Carlos Ricketts, Tabitha Fair,
Kim Hill, Quiona McCollum, Nicki Richards,
Everett Bradley, Bobby Harden and Ada Dyer

Every Breaking Wave
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse and Ryan Tedder
Additional production by Declan Gaffney
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Tom Elmhirst and Ben Baptie
Keyboards by Ryan Tedder, The Edge, Brian Burton
and Declan Gaffney
Dulcimer by Bono

California (There Is No End To Love)
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Declan Gaffney, Paul Epworth and Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by "Classy" Joe Visciano, Joseph Hartwell Jones
and Adam Durbridge
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Programming by Declan Gaffney
Keyboards by The Edge, Declan Gaffney, Bono
and Paul Epworth
Backing vocals by Larry Mullen Jr and Declan Gaffney

Song For Someone
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Ryan Tedder and Flood
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Adam Durbridge, Cecil Bartlett and Drew Smith
Mixed by Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Joseph Hartwell Jones
Keyboards by Ryan Tedder, The Edge, Flood, Bono
and Declan Gaffney

Iris (Hold Me Close)
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Paul Epworth and Ryan Tedder
Additional production by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge and Sean Oakley
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Sean Oakley
Programming by The Edge
Keyboards by The Edge, Bono, Adam Clayton,
Ryan Tedder and Declan Gaffney

Volcano
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Declan Gaffney
Additional production by Paul Epworth
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge and "Classy" Joe Visciano
Additional engineering by Ben Baptie and Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Additional Mixing by Ben Baptie
Choral Arrangement by Danger Mouse
Keyboards by The Edge and Declan Gaffney
Claps by Paul Epworth, Declan Gaffney
and "Classy" Joe Visciano
Additional guitar by Bono
Additional acoustic guitar by Declan Gaffney
Choir: Greg Clark, Carlos Ricketts, Tabitha Fair,
Kim Hill, Quiona McCollum, Nicki Richards,
Everett Bradley, Bobby Harden, Ada Dyer

Raised By Wolves
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Declan Gaffney and Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Ben Baptie
Programming by Declan Gaffney and Brian Burton
Keyboards by Brian Burton, The Edge, Bono
and Declan Gaffney
Additional percussion by Declan Gaffney
Vocal effects by Declan Gaffney

Cedarwood Road
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse and Paul Epworth
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Mixed by Tom Elmhirst
Additional mixing by Ben Baptie
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Keyboards by Declan Gaffney, Paul Epworth, Brian Burton
and The Edge
Additional slide guitar by Paul Epworth

Sleep Like A Baby Tonight
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Carl Glanville
Assisted by Chris Heaney
Mixed by Matt Wiggins
Programming by Declan Gaffney
Keyboards by Brian Burton, Leo Pearson and Bono
Additional guitar by Bono

This Is Where You Can Reach Me Now
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by "Classy" Joe Visciano
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by "Classy" Joe Visciano
Keyboards by Brian Burton, Declan Gaffney, Bono, and The Edge
Additional percussion by Brian Burton
Backing vocals by Larry Mullen Jr, Declan Gaffney
and "Classy" Joe Visciano

The Troubles
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Featuring Lykke Li
Additional production by Declan Gaffney
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi, Matt Wiggins and Ben Baptie
Assisted by Joseph Hartwell Jones
Mixed by Tchad Blake at Full Mongrel Wales and Kennie Takahashi
Assisted by Todd Monfalcone
String arrangement by Caroline Dale
Cello by Caroline Dale
Violin by Natalia Bonner
Keyboards by The Edge, Brian Burton, Bono and Declan Gaffney
Lykke Li appears courtesy of LL Recordings / Atlantic Records UK

Lucifer's Hands
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Declan Gaffney and Paul Epworth
Engineered by Matt Wiggins and Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Joseph Hartwell Jones and Josh Smith
Mixed by Tchad Blake at Full Mongrel Wales
Keyboards by The Edge
Claps by Bono, The Edge and Lucifer himself, Gavin Friday
Backing vocals by Paul Epworth

The Crystal Ballroom
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Kennie Takahashi
Assisted by "Classy" Joe Visciano
Additional engineering by Ben Baptie
Mixed by Tchad Blake at Full Mongrel Wales
Keyboards by Declan Gaffney and Brian Burton
Backing vocals by Angel Deradoorian and Joseph Elmhirst
Additional guitar by Bono

ACOUSTIC SESSIONS
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Vocals by Bono
Acoustic Guitar, Piano & Wurlitzer by The Edge
Bass by Adam Clayton
Drums And Percussion by Larry Mullen Jr
Produced by Declan Gaffney
Engineered by Ben Baptie
Assisted by Sean Oakley
Balances by Declan Gaffney and Ben Baptie

Every Breaking Wave
Strings arranged and conducted by David Richard Campbell
String section: Charlie Bisharat, Josephina Vergara, Andrew Duckles, Erica Duke-Kirkpatrick, Michael Valerio

California (There Is No End To Love)
Horns arranged by Declan Gaffney
Horn section: Nate Walcott, Sean Billings, David Moyer, Adam Schroeder

Raised By Wolves
Horns arranged by Declan Gaffney
Horn section: Nate Walcott, Sean Billings, David Moyer, Adam Schroeder
Piano by Terry Lawless

Cedarwood Road
Strings arranged and conducted by David Richard Campbell
String section: Charlie Bisharat, Josephina Vergara, Andrew Duckles, Erica Duke-Kirkpatrick, Michael Valerio

Song For Someone
Strings arranged and conducted by David Richard Campbell
String section: Charlie Bisharat, Josephina Vergara, Andrew Duckles, Erica Duke-Kirkpatrick, Michael Valerio

The Troubles (Alternative Version)
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Additional production by Declan Gaffney
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Kennie Takahashi
Additional engineering by Ben Baptie
Assisted by “Classy” Joe Visciano
Mixed by Tom Elmhirst
Additional vocals by Angel Deradoorian
String arrangement by Caroline Dale
Cello by Caroline Dale
Violin by Natalia Bonner
Keyboards by The Edge, Brian Burton, Bono and Declan Gaffney
Additional guitar by Bono

Sleep Like A Baby Tonight (Alternative Perspective Mix By Tchad Blake)
Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Carl Glanville
Assisted by Chris Heaney
Mixed by Tchad Blake
Programming by Declan Gaffney
Keyboards by Brian Burton, Leo Pearson and Bono
Additional guitar by Bono

Bono	Vocals
The Edge	Guitars and Backing Vocals
Adam Clayton	Bass Guitars
Larry Mullen Jr	Drums and Percussion
Guy Oseary	Manager
Brian Celler and Keryn Kaplan Michael Rapino and Arthur Fogel	Management
Music	U2
Lyrics	Bono and The Edge
Album Producer	Danger Mouse
Produced by	Paul Epworth, Ryan Tedder, Declan Gaffney and Flood
Engineered by	Declan Gaffney
Additional engineering by	Kennie Takahashi, Matt Wiggins and Ben Baptie
Assisted by	“Classy” Joe Visciano, Adam Durbridge, Joseph Hartwell Jones, Sean Oakley and Josh Smith
Mixed by	Declan Gaffney, Matt Wiggins, Tchad Blake, Tom Elmhirst and Ben Baptie
Assisted by	“Classy” Joe Visciano, Adam Durbridge and Sean Oakley
Recorded at	Electric Lady Studios, The Church Studios, Shangri-La, Strathmore House, Pull Studios, Assault and Battery, The Woodshed
Studio Crew:	
Studio Manager/Drum Tech	Sam O’Sullivan
Technical Manager	Rab McAllister
Guitar Tech	Dallas Schoo
Catering	Samantha Farrell
Mastering	Scott Sedillo at Bernie Grundman Mastering

Cover photograph of Larry and son Elvis by Glen Luchford

Band Photograph by	Paolo Pellegrin
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Creative Consultants	Gavin Friday and Sharon Blankson
Album Production Manager	Nadine King
Album Coordinator	Jesse Peters

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Executive producer-at-large Jimmy Iovine

This album is dedicated to Paul McGuinness who was, and always will be, there for us.

For information on U2, go to: www.U2.com

"BELIEVE THAT A FURTHER SHORE… IS REACHABLE FROM HERE" - Seamus Heaney

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"IT ALWAYS SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, UNTIL IT'S DONE" - Nelson Mandela

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